Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, May 10, 1917 Number 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IN SILENCE

Why fret you at your work because
The deaf world does not hear and praise?
Were it so bad, O workman true,
To work in silence all your days?

I hear the traffic in the street,
But not the white worlds o'er the town;
I heard the gun at sunset roar,
I did not hear the sun go down.

Are work and workman greater when
The trumpet blows their fame abroad?
Nowhere on earth is found the man
Who works as silently as God.

—*Samuel V. Cole.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 163
Peace Solution Today; a Precipitant Only Needed 164
The Forum Movement 165
Is the Creedless Church to Have a Civic Creed? 166

THE PULPIT—
The First Table of the Law Brought Down to Date. I. Devout Thinking.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 168

CONTRIBUTED—
The Soul of Good in Evil.—Smith Baker, M. D. 171

SELECTED—
The Christian and the War 174
Mark Twain on War 174

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion. XIV. Francis David 172

POETRY—
In Silence.—*Samuel V. Cole* 161
Prayer.—*Ruth Comfort Mitchell* 163
In the Lilac Rain.—*Edith M. Thomas* 175

THE FIELD—
International Peace Day 175
An Orchestra Concert.—A. L. K. 175
The Jewish Sabbath-Keeper.—*The Christian Life* 175

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

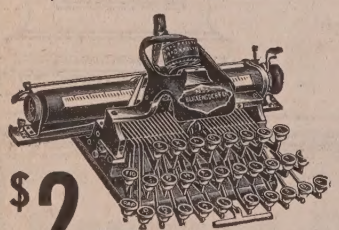
▫ ▫ ▫

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

TYPEWRITER SAMPLES



$2.00 No. 5 Model

Balance $10.00 on delivery. Just a few of these $40.00 machines on hand, while they last at $12.00. These machines are thoroughly guaranteed in every respect. Pin a $2.00 bill to your letter and send in TODAY.

Blickensderfer Mfg. Co.
107 N. Dearborn St. . Chicago

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FR[illegible] R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES
Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1917. NUMBER 11.

PRAYER.

(From the German.)

Grant that deep in my heart, dear God,
The spring of my youth shall stay,
As sometimes gleams in an autumn wood
A bit of the green of May.

And when it comes to my life's last leaf,
Vouchsafe that it may be one
Withered and frail in the blast, but still
Gay with the gold of the sun.

So by my passing, still, serene,
In the wise Earth-Mother's way:
Grant that deep in my heart, dear God,
The spring of my youth shall stay!

—*Ruth Comfort Mitchell.*

A prominent leader in the present Congress said on the night of the passage of the war resolution, "As soon as war is declared ministers of the Gospel will have to tear the New Testament out of their Bibles." This is one way of overstating a truth which must become more and more apparent to an increasing number of truth seeking people both in the United States Congress and in Christian pulpits.

The New York Central Railroad is contending befor the New York Legislature for the right to sell liquor, even in dry territory, within the State of New York. The Delaware and Hudson, the Lackawanna, and the Pullman Company in dry territory, have fallen into line with the temperance movement everywhere and have cut out the sale of liquor. Mr. William H. Anderson of the New York Anti-Saloon League asked the president of the railroad the pertinent question, "Why did you not voluntarily ask to have this feature dropped and get credit for once exerting political influence that is wholesome?"

Henry William Pinkham, minister of the Unitarian Church at Melrose, Mass., has followed up his searchlight pamphlet, "Was Jesus a Pacifist?" which was noticed in a recent number, with a private letter addressed to the Unitarian ministers, his brethren, which has been printed and circulated by himself, "Conferring not with flesh and blood." The letter quivers with a seriousness that will penetrate the minds of the most complacent or the most indifferent. The letter is as applicable to ministers outside as it is to those inside the Unitarian fellowship. Doubtless any minister sending a postage stamp will receive a copy.

Ex-President Taft, Yale '71, is leading a "Dry" movement quite worth while. Twenty-one thousand five hundred appeals have been sent out by the committee of which Mr. Taft is chairman, to Yale graduates, asking them for their support to eliminate all drinking of liquors at class reunions next June, with the view of influencing public opinion in behalf of national prohibition during the war. The present academic senior class of Yale has voted to oppose the use of class funds for the purchase of alcoholic drinks at class reunions and other class gatherings. It is rather a shock to some of us rustics of the West to know that it was necessary to oppose such a use of class funds on the part of graduates from respectable "Christian" colleges in the East, but it is all the more hopeful. This class of '71 is represented on the committee alluded to by such men as John V. Farwell, George E. Vincent, Henry L. Stimson and many others.

The Census Bureau in Washington is engaged in another counting of the religious bodies. Schedules have been sent out for that purpose to the brotherhood throughout the country. The Federal Bureau informs the Unitarian Churches that in 1906 there were four hundred and sixty-one organizations distributed in forty states and the District of Columbia, with an enrolled membership of 70,542, 39 per cent of these were male and 61 per cent female. At that time there were four hundred and sixty-three church buildings, representing a property valued at $14,263,-277. At that time there were five hundred and forty-one ministers enrolled. This was an increase of forty organizations, nearly three thousand members and nearly four million dollars value of church property. What will this census show? In all fairness the Unitarian churches who are lax in the matter of record keeping, careless of their registrations, should let the truth be known.

The Rev. Charles P. Wellman of Worcester, Mass., the city of Charles E. Beals, who has recently resigned from one of the Unitarian pulpits of that city on account of his peace attitude, in a New England Letter to the *Unitarian Advance,* says:

Five Unitarian ministers served on the Emergency Peace Committee of Massachusetts. Easy enough to go with the crowd. Yet it turns out that 62.4 per cent of those answering a systematic and impartial referendum of each congressional district of the state were opposed to the war and 59.9 per cent against conscription.

He also commends the skill of the Executive Board of the Woman's Alliance, which was able to frame a declaration, given below, of sympathy and caution that "both pacifist and miltarist can subscribe to." The country is full of benignant organizations, peaec societies and religious bodies who are trying to save their conscience and at the same time preserve their autonomy by indulging in benignant generalities and saying things that would please all parties and hurt no party. Perhaps the world belligerents may take a lesson. If contention inside of religious bodies is bad, the attempt to settle high questions and to find righteous decisions by killing one another is the lowest, least efficient and most ancient blunder of humanity.

"The Executive Board puts on record its sympathy with the forces that are working for the overthrow of tyranny and the establishment and strengthening of the principles of democracy and freedom. A time of grave crisis like the present emphasizes the need of caution lest we extend our hatred of policies and systems to the people who maintain them. We believe in the brotherhood of man."

Drunkenness, licentiousness and gambling are the besetting demoralizations of a soldier. It seems as if the first of these dangers by common consent and almost international agreement is being reduced to the minimum in this war. It is possible that the soldier may be saved from the temptations of available liquor. The next step has not yet been as frankly met because the danger has not been so adequately stated, nor appreciably apprehended by the public. The awful facts of licentiousness with its entailment of disease and degradation are too seldom stated and when stated too flippantly dismissed. Only the doctors know this far reaching damnation that follows all armies, and the doctors do not tell. Their lips are locked by a false sense of professional courtesy or something worse. If a portion of the Red Cross enthusiasm was diverted from the work of repairing the damage done to the work of preventing the disaster, there would be less need of their funds and the funds invested would go farther. A report on this matter from the various "boards," state and national, for the protection of our national integrity and the promotion of warlike efficiency is due. Let the medical section of the War Department be heard from. Let legislators look into it. Patriotism seems to call for a million young men who will go forth under the flag of their country to vindicate its honor. Many of those who will survive the enemies' bullets will come back maimed for life, their bodies poisoned from preventable causes.

It would seem like distorted sympathy in the face of the present inconceivable aggregation of human misery, physical and spiritual, to even stop for a moment to plead the case of our brute relations. But the visit of *Our Dumb Animals* for May brings with it as usual an atmosphere of tenderness. Its columns minister to the graciousness of the human soul. The pictures of birds and dogs and horses come to us like the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount, driving away hatred, abolishing from the heart cruelty. More than ever we will plead the cause of the horse. Cavalry service is an attractive one, particularly to young soldiers. The spice of adventure, the dashes for freedom, not to speak of the companionship of the horse and the healthy joy of riding, makes this branch of service especially popular. But may one who for three years had to do with the agonies of the "picket rope" to which the poor horses were tied, drop a hint to the enthusiastic volunteer, that the cavalry man will be called upon to witness the suffering, hardship, torture of his horse more difficult to bear than his own hardships, suffering and torture. The thought of the unfed and unwatered, patient horse, the mute pathos of the starving and the wounded, who knew not what it was all about, and who could not voice their suffering nor resent the cruelties of their torture, still abides after fifty years in the memory of one postilion as among the darkest experiences of the war, the unmitigated agonies of army experiences. If man persists in indulging the tiger and lion instincts let him confine his inflictions to his kind. Let automobile and the gasoline truck, undisturbed with sensation, piece out the belated brutality in his nature when he seeks to serve soul and to promote the spirit of love and brotherhood by killing. If he must kill let him kill his own kind.

Peace in Solution Today; a Precipitant Only Needed

Walter Fisher has escaped the general censure that goes with the term Pacifist. He is ex-Secretary of the Interior, a man who has enjoyed a large degree of the confidence of Chicago business men. Bankers and would-be "statesmen" are glad to quote him as on their side. The peace societies who are officially marking time until the war is over, have courted his smile and claim him, but he went to St. Paul the other day to talk under the auspices of the League to Enforce Peace and there he declared that it is the business of the United States now to prepare for peace as well as for war. We are glad to make room for all of his speech made available in the columns of the daily paper. Mr. Fisher said in part:

. . . that even while we prepare for war it is the proper time to discuss democracy's peace terms and that they should be definite enough for all the world to understand and fair enough for all the world to accept.

"President Wilson has no greater duty, no greater opportunity during his conferences with the envoys of the allied powers now in the United States than to demonstrate to them

and through them the significance and the practical purpose of his utterance in January, when he said: 'The statesmen of the world must plan for peace, and nations must adjust and accommodate their policy to it as they have planned for war and made ready for pitiless contest and rivalry.'" Mr. Fisher said.

"It is absolutely imperative that we shall now, in the very midst of this war, while we are preparing for it and fighting in it, discuss the policies and formulate the plans which, in the words of President Wilson, are to result in 'a world organized for justice and democracy.'

"I am advocating no diminution of the vigor with which we should prepare for and prosecute this war, but the hideous cruelty and waste should not continue one hour longer than is necessary to secure a just and lasting peace. Is not the hour about to strike? Peace today is in solution. It needs only courage and a just and wise proposal to precipitate it."

The American Unitarian Association is going into the war vigorously. Its president announces the issuance of six war bulletins and three more soon to follow. It assumes unanimity on the part of its constituency, or at least right to speak for that constituency, on these issues with a confidence it has learned to avoid on the far remote and less religious problems of theology. It would be a gracious loyalty to Unitarian traditions if the A. U. A. was to make special effort to circulate tract wise William Ellery Channing's great discourse on war, delivered in Boston, 1816, and also to give prominent publicity to the fact that probably the first peace society in America was organized in his study. The traditions of Unitarianism are not bellicose and the pacifist ought to be made to feel at home in that fold, if there can be any fold where there is no fence.

The Forum Movement

We are sorry to note that our good friend and neighbor, the Rev. L. B. Fisher, head of the Ryder Divinity School, now affiliated with the University of Chicago, is more than a little distressed over the Forum movement as expressed in his Chicago letter in the *Universalist Leader* for May 5. Mr. Fisher centers his attention upon the work of Mr. Moore of the West Side Universalist Church, who has during the winter successfully conducted three Formus, one on the North Side in connection with one of the Chicago High Schools, one on the South Side in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and one in his own church on the West Side. Doctor Fisher is distressed because these Forum meetings are shorn of prayer, Bible reading and what he calls religious service. He is distressed that these meetings have as yet added no strength to the Sunday morning congregations, that they are a financial burden, that the speakers are extremists if not erratic. and more to this effect. But he also admits that they do draw large crowds, even though they do not show any great interest in conversion. He takes Scott Nearing as a type of the lecturers and thinks that five minutes listening to Scott Nearing would show why "No self-respecting board of university trustees in the world would turn him loose in a classroom of freshmen." We are a little surprised that our neighbor, himself an expounder of heretical doctrines, one who must abide outside many academic groups of orthodoxy, should be disposed to take a view which looks very much like drastic, dogmatic disposal of a movement which is in its incipiency, which many earnest and sincere people look upon with great hopefulness and which has already proven efficient in many quarters, bringing together people of diverse opinions but with a keen desire to promote truth and righteousness and love in the world. The Forum movement, like the elder Lyceum movement in the days of Emerson, Wendell Phillips and Charles Sumner, and the later Chautauqua movement under the lead of Bishop Vincent, Edward Everett Hale and others, has been called into being to do the work which the churches were not doing and are not doing now, whether it is to their praise or blame. Problems loaded with vast issues, studied by people shot through and through with ethical earnestness, are not being beaten to the clear in the churches of our land, or, if they find adequate discussion in the pulpits do not draw the people most concerned. There ought not to be much criticism from the friends of the churches of any movement that succeeds in drawing into vacant pews earnest people to listen to the deliverances of men who have attained a degree of power and who enjoy the well merited fame of leaders and teachers along the lines they affect. The present writer has been in a position to watch the workings of one of the Forums which the Rev. Fred A. Moore has directed this winter, and he must gratefully acknowledge that it reached people on the South Side, earnest men and women from all the professions and the varying social strata, who are not reached by the Sunday morning ministrations at the Lincoln Centre but do rejoice in the hospitalities of the building, the freedom of the platform and the sympathetic atmosphere created at least by one church and one pastor, who were hospitably inclined to the discussion of new issues, hot questions and high endeavor. The movements, or, if you like the word, "reforms" represented by the terms socialists, single taxers, associated charities, the race problem, municipal management and the peace movement were presented by such men as Dr. Rauschenbusch, Professor Zueblin, Dr. Marquis of the Ford Plant in Detroit, as well as Scott Nearing and Dr. Bigelow. It hardly becomes the Universalists or the Unitarians, with their inheritance of ostracism, their bad reputation for impiety and secularity formulated by the deacons, the elders and the guardians of Sunday and Church sanctities, conventionally interpreted, to be

distrustful of such a movement as this. Rather let us be glad that in a few places there are a few ministers and a few churches who are able through an instrumentality entirely respectable, observing all the courtesies and the integrities that belong to truth seekers, to make the connection between the unchurched or non-churched public and the earnest thinking of honest men with the ability to express themselves on these high lines which are essentially and everlastingly religious if religion is to be interpreted in terms of social well being, economic righteousness, political integrity and the pacification of the world. I bespeak patience in regard to this movement on the part of Dean Fisher. Watch it a little longer, help it when you can, do not throw too many stones at a moving column until you are sure it is going the wrong way. Better a stumbling advance than a well ordered and decent retreat, or even a respectable line of well disciplined soldiers who are marking time. When the Forum season is opened next Fall we heartily recommend Dr. L. B. Fisher as one well qualified by nature and training to become a successful Forum speaker. He has a message to give that Forum audiences need and will be interested in.

Is the Creedless Church to Have a Civic Creed?

The Unitarian Church has been persistent in its claim that it is creedless in the sense that it will not undertake to bind the thought of its members or to rim itself by theological dogma or doctrinal test, however central. In a long-measure study of its history it has justified this claim. There have been spasms of theological anxieties, crises in its story, that would indicate a danger of its belying its traditions by setting up stakes with an implication of "thus far and no farther." But it has thus far escaped this danger and it stands before the world as a movement fairly worthy of its great leaders: Channing, Emerson, Parker, Martineau and their fellows.

The theological dangers seem to have passed, perhaps the last anxiety is left behind, and the right of preaching the free and full mind concerning the thought of God, Jesus, the Bible and immortality is established.

But now comes a sociological crisis. Will the Unitarians set up a civic creed? Must a preacher withhold his interpretation of human brotherhood based on the implication of the divine Fatherhood within war boundaries? Must his piety be interpreted in terms of a militant patriotism in order to entitle him to the confidence of the Unitarian fellowship.

We are not raising an abstract problem. This question is a practical question which has already come up in various Unitarian churches. We have already made allusion to some of them in the columns of UNITY. The Church at Summit, New Jersey, promptly vindicated the right of its beloved pastor, Mr. Doan, to speak his mind as a pacifist though he did not represent the convictions of many of his hearers. On the other hand the Society at Portland, Maine, not only accepted the resignation but witnessed their beloved and honored pastor, the Rev. Charles R. Joy, burned in effigy in front of their church building. The resignation of Charles E. Beals, Worcester, Mass., was accepted because he would not consent to making the American flag an endorsement of war, or, at least a seeming approval of the United States' warlike attitude; while John Haynes Holmes of New York has been allowed to express his convictions without interruption.

This question is brought to practical issue in the case of Mr. Joy, who in a personal letter writes to the Editor of UNITY:

> The officers of the A. U. A. seem to be of the opinion that I will be unable to secure another Unitarian Parish at the present time. They tell me that the feeling of Unitarians throughout the country is practically unanimous in support of the war, and evidently believe that nowhere will I be more acceptable than I seem to be here in Portland. What is your feeling regarding the Unitarian Churches or the liberal Churches of the Middle West and the Far West? Do you think there is any possibility of securing another place under present circumstances? If not, what is the best alternative? Is there any place for a Christian minister in this country today who believes that the gospel of good-will and peace is still the noblest gospel for the suffering sons of men? If not, I must find a place of usefulness outside the so-called "Christion" Church. This step I should regret, but perhaps I shall be compelled to take it.

Joseph A. Kyle, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Davenport, Iowa, has put his heart upon his sleeve in an appeal to his parish for advice. In a circular letter he asks:

> What is the war-time faith of a Unitarian church? Your minister finds this a very difficult question. He would appreciate your advice. He is driven by the logic of the situation to preach the same faith as before. He cannot—and will not—endorse war or encourage a war spirit in others. He has no desire to be dogmatic or to dictate in regard to the conduct of others—but his own duty seems clear, though difficult. If you can suggest a way in which this duty can be made lighter—he will welcome the suggestion, whoever you are.
>
> We have no creed—nor do we desire one—but we have historically stood for certain great principles of right living that your minister would be loath to abandon.
>
> * * *
>
> THE TEST OF THE FREE CHURCH is not the glibness with which it talks in times of peace of the universal brotherhood of man—but the courage, the steadfastness, the fearlessness with which it lives its high faith in the face of danger.
>
> What will you do? Your minister appeals to you for support. It is not a question of his or your comfort, but a question of great principle—whether or not a free church "so conceived and so dedicated can long endure" without abject compromise.

In the face of all this the American Unitarian Association seems to have accepted a sociological creed, that takes war and warlike duties for granted. It is issuing a series of tracts under the belligerent title, "War Bulletins." A circular letter has been printed

over the official signature of the president of the A. U. A., and the president of the Unitarian Woman's Alliance, calling, as it were, the Unitarians to the Colors, indicating their duty for them.

We have no doubt but what these officials do represent an apparent majority, and the question raised by such men as Mr. Joy, Mr. Beals and Mr. Kyle is not whether Unitarian churches are to be committed to war policies, but whether they are to be committed to that same degree of freedom of speech and freedom of conscience on sociological and ethical lines which they have so nobly granted along theological lines. Is there no Unitarian Church in America that will be glad to profit by the ministrations of such a pastor as Mr. Joy has proven himself to be, a minister of religion commended by his spirit and culture even though he believes war *per se* to be wrong; that there is a better way of solving the conflict between nations and of bringing about the Kingdom of God in which the Unitarians are so much interested, by the recognition of the Brotherhood of Man in terms of the present tense, even though many in the pews may think otherwise.

Perhaps this is a new test of orthodoxy based on political and sociological considerations. Perhaps by the same token it is a new challenge and at the same time it may call for a new line of prophetic standard bearers who will find worshipping ground and co-operating room for religious work by the higher tests of sincerity, courage and a recognition of open questions, new issues and untried and unsolved perplexities. The present test of heresy is not theological but sociological. But the new freedom is justified by the old Unitarian prophets. Channing and Emerson, Paul and Jesus, Plato and Buddha have testified against war and have prophesied in the interest of peace, for which all devotees have prayed always and for which many devout souls feel called upon in these days to testify and work for. This test may bring out a more vital distinction of churches than those which now offer sectarian boundaries and denominational lines.

Those Willing to Be Counted

The number of ministers who are willing to wear the reproach that goes with the word "pacifist," which means peace-maker, are few, but they are neither lonely nor lonesome. Perhaps this mere tentative list, compiled from information incidentally obtained at UNITY office, will contribute to the primal inspiration and ambition of UNITY, viz., to promote the sense of interdenominational comity. From information at hand these ministers at least are willing to stand up and be counted as against this war because it is war, because they believe that the era of the sword is passing; they are pacifists in the present tense. They would thus declare their higher loyalty to the flag. In this way they are pledged to the nobler patriotism as they see it. Perhaps it would be well for us to keep the list standing for a while and add thereto such names as may be sent to us from time to time. Send in your names.

Charles E. Beals (Unitarian), Worcester, Mass.
John Haynes Holmes (Unitarian), New York City.
Harvey Dee Brown (Unitarian), New York City.
Norman Thomas (Presbyterian), New York City.
Frank O. Hall (Universalist), New York City.
E. Howard Mellish (Episcopal), New York City.
Frank C. Doan (Unitarian-Universalist), Summit, New Jersey.
Richard Hogue (Episcopalian), Baltimore, Md.
Henry Winn Pinkham (Unitarian), Melrose, Mass.
Charles Fleischer (*The Sunday Commons*), Boston, Mass.
Rabbi Judah Magnes, New York City.
J. Covington Coleman (Methodist), Niantic, Ill.
Fred A. Moore (Universalist), Chicago, Ill.
Arthur L. Weatherly (Unitarian), Lincoln, Neb.
Charles R. Joy (Unitarian), Portland, Maine.
Charles Edward Jefferson (Congregational), New York City.
Noble S. Elderkin (Congregational), Oak Park, Ill.
Dwight P. Breed (Congregational), Chicago, Ill.
William A. Prosser (United Peoples Church), Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADDITIONS TO LAST WEEK'S LIST

Harry Burns, Oshkosh, Wis.
Daniel Roy Freeman, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Herbert L. Bigelow, Cincinnati.

My Dear UNITY:

Please enroll me as one who has not yet bowed his knees to Mars and Moloch, who believes war is the wrong way even though America has chosen it. I am a pacifist and proud of the title and the company.

Fraternally,

C. A. POLSON,
Macomb, Ill. *Pastor, First Universalist Church.*

To the Editor of UNITY:

I should be sorry to have any one get a wrong impression from the article by Mr. Holmes in your issue of April 26th. Other "signs of the times" are also interesting. Mr. Holmes offered his resignation and his church did not accept it. Mr. Doan offered his resignation and his church did not accept it. These two cases offset the case of Mr. Joy whose resignation, by the way, was not "demanded by the trustes," but accepted by them when offered by Mr. Joy.

A good deal depends on the way things are said and upon the man who says them.

Newspaper accounts are hardly satisfactory reports of what actually happened. I should want confirmation of the statement that "Johns Hopkins University professors broke up a peace meeting addressed by David Starr Jordan." I should want to know what was said by Rev. Henry W. Pinkham at his peace meeting and who the "best citizens" were. If Mr. Prosser "advocated rebellion in event conscription becomes effective in this country," I should expect him to be immediately called to account. In time of war such license of speech is never tolerated.

When a people is on serious business it is always one of "the signs of the times" for opposition to be severely dealt with. In the present crisis the forbearance of the American people toward contrary opinion has been remarkable.

Yours truly,

MINOT SIMONS.
Cleveland, Ohio. *Pastor, First Unitarian Church.*

THE PULPIT

The First Table of the Law Brought Down to Date

The Conditions and Evidence of the Devout Life

I.

Devout Thinking

Sermon Preached January 5, 1917, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

"Thou shalt have none other gods before me."

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson

May the unseen realities impress us this morning; may the hidden powers quicken us, may the Holy Presence within reveal itself to us. Father, help us to rise above the distractions of the hour, to look beyond the things that glitter and that too often attract the attention of our brief days here on earth. Help us to ally ourselves with things eternal, to feel Thine infinite presence. O Father, help us to realize that now and here is Thy presence. May Thy peace come into our lives that through us Thy message of peace may be borne to the feverish and distracted world. Still, O Father, the passions of men, check the impetuous ambitions of the hour, touch us all with a sense of the sacredness of life and the holiness of death. Amen.

In Parliamentary usage the moving of the previous question shuts off all other debate, removes every other issue and agitation for the time being. I want this morning to move the previous question, if for no other reason than the Parliamentary one that the issue has become so confused, the debate so complicated that there is no other way of extracting ourselves from things transient, trivial, secondary and passing. I wish with you, to move the previous question of the spiritual life, to call up the original motion that is in danger of being overlaid, to review with you, if I may, the landmarks that have become neglected because taken for granted.

There is nothing more fundamental in the literature of the Jew, nothing more deeply rooted in the story of Christendom than what we dispose of flippantly as the "Decalogue," the "Ten Commandments." Oh, yes, the Ten Commandments, but they are not interesting. We take them for granted. "Of course the Ten Commandments!" Perhaps we unconsciously justify our flippancy by the argument that the ten commandments are still in a mythological atmosphere; they are framed in the incredible. Dogmatically asserted, they may be dogmatically dismissed. A superficial study of the setting of the Ten Commandments informs us that they were handed down on a mountain from the clouds, engraved on two tables of stone, to the guide and director of a wandering band of Semites. And we say, "O no, we do not accept that story. No tables of stone ever came down from on high, no Jehovah ever broke the silence of the mountain top to any wandering Moses." Granted, if you please. But here they are, imperishable gems embedded deep in a mysterious and mystic story. They have survived and held their place throughout the centuries because they have an origin far more sacred than stone-engraved tablets could possibly have. They have been born out of the travail and turmoil of human experience. They have been formulated out of the stormy, blundering life of mankind. They have a sanctity far more impressive and imposing than the Genesis story gives them, for any study of such problems on any line finds that these demands of the ethical law are written deep on the fleshly tablets of the human heart, and that they have become embedded in human institutions, which have outlived stone monuments and witnessed the decay of engraved tablets.

Moses is supposed to have appeared somewhere about twelve hundred years before the Man of Nazareth was born. As far behind Moses as Moses was behind Jesus, there lived a great old Babylonian King, who reigned fifty-five years and established the boundaries of his kingdom in righteousness. He wrote his laws on a stone monument, and sixteen or seventeen years ago the Column of Hammurabi was found, away out in Suza, out there in the desert, three hundred miles more or less from the Babylon where Hammuhabi reigned, and where the column was first erected. The explanation of its discovery in the park of Susa is that some subsequent conqueror carried off this notable tablet to grace his triumph and set it up in his capital away off there in Susa, perhaps as a curious witness to his prowess.

This monument of Hammurabi has been interpreted and reproduced and offered to the western new world to re-read. Two hundred and twenty-eight rules were engraved upon this old monument, 2250 B. C., or, in round numbers, about forty-five hundred years ago.

Specific regulations concerning traffic and trade, concerning the relations of man and woman, of parent to child, of neighbor to neighbor, are here put down in definite, explicit terms. And these old regulations of the benign King Hammurabi have been condensed, polished and reduced to "ten words" as the old Hebrew called the Ten Commandments. There is no new accent in the Ten Commandments. They are only a splendid condensation, a magnificent epitome of the law written on this pillar of Hammurabi twelve hundred years or more before Moses lived. And the Code of Hammurabi was only an echo of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which prescribed rules for the conduct of the Egyptian. And now, to come forward in time, we find these rules traced with even added tenderness in the Dhammapada, "the Path of Virtue," laid out by Buddha five hundred years before the Nazarene was born. And the requirements of the Dhammapada, "the Path of Virtue" of the Buddha, are traced in legal phrases, a little cold and harsh, in the Annals of Confucius, the law-giver of China, and many years before Jesus, perhaps contemporaneously with Buddha, with less clearness but with equal surety, the Ten Commandments were written into the ragged, broken book of the Parsees.

It may be comfortable for you if you can dismiss this old-time wisdom as dogma, but this you can not do if you have imagination enough to see the beauty and significance of the tradition in which it is embedded. But not on that account can you evade or avoid the searching power of this code, which is as fundamental in morals as the multiplication table is in mathematics.

A sad waste of time and one of the most pathetic indications of ethical degeneracy lies in the fact that so many people think it necessary to uproot the old in order to begin anew and find it essential for each individual soul to struggle over the long experimental road which humanity had traveled before it reached

monotheism and the code that protects the rights of property and rests upon equality and justice.

You may tear your multiplication table if you like, you may rewrite it backward if you think it ought to run that way, you may run it beyond the twelves if you choose, but five times five are twenty-five just the same, and you are wasting time, kicking against the pricks, if you try to build up a new system of mathematics or bookkeeping by experiments in obtaining the product of five times five and, just as undebatable as the multiplication table, we have this string of gems, in form polished like the pebbles on the shore, come down from time immemorial to challenge us to move the previous question.

Suppose we take a few minutes this morning and try to see what are the plain, searching demands of this old code, verified by the experience of the nations of all time, but traced in such admirable brevity that they still survive.

The code is technically divided into two tablets, one indicating the relation of the soul to God, the demand, if you please, of devotion, of reverence; and the other, the relation of the soul to its fellow, the demands of business equity, man with man. In the course of four consecutive sermons I shall try to read the first tablet, bearing the clauses which summon the soul into the sanctities of life, which lift the mind above the details of human relations. Is there a plus to ethics? Is there a beyond to the Golden Rule? When we have insisted upon the law of accounting, have we reached the beatific attitude of the soul? In these studies I plead for the first tablet of the decalogue.

This is the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Can we bring it down to date? Obviously, this particular "shalt" indicates the stage of development on the border of polytheism. There is room to believe that the writer or compiler of this code had a place in his thought for other gods. Down in Egypt there was Ra, and over there in Babylon there was Bel, and there were Moloch and Astarte and others, real divinities, but they must all be retired in favor of the more spiritual and dominant potency whom the Hebrews called Jehovah. Their Jehovah, it appears, was a jealous God, demanding the loyalty of his people. And very well might he claim their devotion, for it is a plain matter of history that Jehovah, he who was not to be represented by outward form, of whom no graven image was to be made, represents a conception of deity that has outlived the Pantheon of Greece and the stately divinities of the Nile Valley, and now looks back and down upon the broken gods of Babylon and Ninevah. He was worthy of their devotion.

What was the conception of this unseen God, who made no appeal to eye or touch? The remainder of the code reveals what history proves, that here was a spiritual understanding of life that rose above material things, a conception of God that was shot through and through with the ethical law, that soared into the realm of duty and invited humanity to dedicate itself to the service of justice and love.

No longer are we distracted by the gods of Egypt or Babylon or the divinities of Greece. They have become merely interesting chapters in the study of art and we need not this commandment in its old phrasing. But we do need it brought down to date. What are the idolatries that threaten us? What are the gods that distract us from the things of eternity, from the appeals of the spirit? What are the weights that hold us down so that we never look up into the mountain top for the demands of the spiritual life, the edicts of spiritual law?

The divinities that have distracted us most effectually are those shaped in gold and silver. We like Liberty's cap when it is stamped in gold. We worship the eagle when it is engraved on the silver dollar. As a nation, as an age, we are mad in pursuit of *things*. A gross, cold idolatry has flung Europe into war and the United States is tagging hard after, clamoring for a place in the Pantheon of business. For, in the last analysis, it was not a loyalty to God, or a loyalty to justice, but a loyalty to business, a loyalty to commerce that precipitated the war. It was the false gods stamped in gold that drew us into this horrible maelstrom.

But money is not the only god that commands our devotion. How many devotees, if they wrote their creed as frankly as did the compiler of the book of Exodus, would say, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me"? For many, alas, would cry: "I have no time for anything else. I must keep up with the procession." What inane idolatries, what terrible sacrilege, what ignoble sordidness are revealed in the fashion-plates and the shop windows down town. Go to see them any time. Test the exhibit by the laws of service, which are the laws of beauty, economy and utility, and what becomes of your shoes and your bonnets and all the rest of the paraphernalia?

There is another false god that threatens the devotees of our day. We call it art. We think it a chase after the beautiful and we flatter ourselves that we can all worship art, that it can be disassociated from the severe demands of morals and sobriety and utility. So it is not unusual to see the devotees of art dodging the responsibilities of life, evading the sanctities of the family, discarding the monotheism of the heart and the monogamy of the home that are the foundation of modern society and progress.

I need not call the roll of the false gods that distract us, for they rise unbidden before us, now it is money, fashion, art, and now it is the great passing god of patriotism, O, we will "carry the flag," we will "stand by the colors," "it is our country right or wrong"; an epigram steeped in idolatry, saturated with infidelity, guiding nations hellward. For somewhere the eternal law abides, and the power that has brought to naught the mighty principalities of history is still at work. All Babylon was filled with patriotic citizens, Egypt was committed forever to its dynasties, even Greece in its idolatry identified its destiny with its local sanctities and local pantheon, all those nations have gone because they worshipped false gods. They put other images than that of the Eternal into their minds and hearts.

There is another fierce divinity at whose shrine Chicago is bending today on humble knee. We call it "Society," sometimes we call it Service. O we want to do something to help the poor victims of the war on the other side. So we have a bazaar, which is to mark the coming up of the tribes in Chicago this week to worship at the shrine of a secondary divinity which we call Society. This worship is contagious. I recently asked a devotee, "How do you account for this uprising in Chicago in the interest of a society bazaar?" "Well," she said, "it is contagious, you know, because

women go and think they are helping someone." Far be it from me to be dull to the claim of the hungry, the homeless and the neglected on other shores or on this shore, but far be it from us to yield to the passing idolatry which we call society, when the demands of piety sweep down from the immensities, summoning us to worship that Eternal which rebukes the conceit that would release the conscience by giving a crust when it ought to give the hand and heart.

But who is this God? Where is the Jehovah that asks our devotion? Surely the conditions are stated in the code itself. He is no "thing" that can be seen, painted or carved. But if we fail to form an image of the imageless, to trace the outline of that which has no boundaries, perhaps we can feel his presence by examining a few of his attributes.

Surely the beauty of the world unrolling itself before our gaze every morning, the glory of the heavens overshadowing us by day and by night, the rose and the elm, the bird and its song, the brook and the mountain, invite us to worship at the shrine of the beautiful. Surely we are beset before and behind by a mighty order which we may not break, but which bears us along. There is a potency not ourselves that makes for harvest fields, makes for the joy of the playground, makes for the sympathies that reach beyond your family boundaries and mine, makes for the righteousness that laughs at geographical limits. We can fix our thought on the everlasting order, the unbroken potency of the universe. We call it law for want of a better name. Whatever it is, it is not formulated by man. Its conventions are not the result of congresses and parliaments, but woe to parliaments and congresses that do not recognize their invincibility. This same order that has laid the rocks in strata and clothed the mountain in forests and taught the birds to build their nests has put into the heart of man a sense of justice. This law balances life, holds in business as inevitably as it holds in the astronomy of planets. We may deny it, we may ignore it, but it has us in its grasp, and he who fixes his thought upon the Eternal is in league with justice.

And one thing more. Whatever of violence we have left behind, however potent have been horns and hoofs and claws in the early history of life upon this globe, there can be no evading the fact that life is ever creeping towards tenderness, ever climbing into love. The culmination of all is seen in the Madonna with a child at her breast. So, if love is an attribute of the created, it must be an attribute of the Creator, the unseen God whom we are bid to worship. This is the beauty of it, the force of it. But beauty, order, law, justice and and love are not five different entities, five different deities from whom we may choose one, to worship. They are one mighty potency not ourselves ever making for righteousness. And this is the God that abides.

Theology may be complex, but religion is simple. Analysis is the method of science, synthesis is the method of the spirit. And so we bow our heads in the presence of the infinite reality that reveals itself to us in these growing potencies if we do not fall into the mistake of trying to make to ourselves graven images to supplant the realities.

The naive story of the receiving of these tablets of stone by Moses is worthy of repetition here and has profound significance. It is said that when Moses had betaken himself to the mountain where these gems formulated themselves in his heart and mind, as we can well believe, the people grew restless. Down there in the valley the people demanded of Aaron something tangible to worship. "Give us a divinity we can respect!" they said. "Give us a God we can see! Give us something that is definite; don't talk of unrealities to us! We left plenty of Gods in Egypt. They have an abundance of Gods down there. Give us one." So Aaron yielded to the pressure and said, "Bring your gold and silver, bring the ear-rings from your wives' ears, bring your gold brooches." And he took the offerings and put them into the furnace and melted and moulded them and made a calf. And when Moses came down from the mountain, his heart was distressed. "What is this you have done? Yielded to the clamor of this people!" And the shivering, hesitating Aaron said, "Well, they wanted something to worship and they brought the metal and I put it in the furnace and cast it, and lo, it has come out a calf!" It is always a calf. Always something inadequate, cheap and small. Always something disappointing. If you try to fit the thought of the Eternal into the cast of a dogma, it evades you.

We are forever in the presence of the unmeasured and intangible things that die not.

I cannot carry the subject further. I have only started to hint at an up-to-date reading of the first commandment, trying to bring the text that perhaps took shape two or three thousand years before Jesus was born, down to this twentieth century of the Christian era. Do we not see, now as then, nations following after cheap divinities, offering their devotions at unreal shrines, building as for eternity with the perishable products of time. The fate of the nations in the centuries gone ought to remind us of the fate that awaits your false devotion and mine.

It is a trite saying but too little heeded: "We cannot take our gold and silver with us." It is equally true that we cannot live on artificial art. This word, unrelated to life and duty, is a dangerous trap to defeat the soul. So also is "patriotism." Who dares give his first allegiance to what he calls "his country," while just beyond the boundaries are human hearts waiting for love and human minds stored with truth asking the privilege of sharing, asking his free trade in the cordialities of the soul, which is the demand of monotheism?

Ruskin said monotheism was born in the desert. Only in the solitudes if the desert is the soul impressed with the unseen. He spoke only part of the truth. Monotheism is prophesied by the law, is promised by the Eternal, for through all realms of beauty, life, duty, there are not many laws but one law, not many gods but one God. Let us give our devotions to this one God that impresses upon our lives in beauty, in order, in justice and in love.

Or, if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

May we ever walk as in the temple of the Most High, worship at the shrine of the ever-Loving, the ever Righteous. Amen.

The Soul of Good in Evil

There used to live in my town an old man who would occasionally say in prayer meeting, "I don't know but that it's a good thing to have a spell of toothache once in a while—you feel so much better when it's all over with." This reminds me of a story that used to be told in the home of the late Beriah Green in that place about a woman who counted it "a great marcy" that she still had two teeth remaining and they were "opposite"! Just recently I have heard of another sister who rejoiced in still preserving a single tooth, which enabled her "to eat all she wanted," thus demonstrating how again the Present can go one better on the Past and get satisfaction accordingly!

Now the ability to get comfort out of affliction—to "suck the sweet from every circumstance," as Browning hath it, to find the soul of good in things evil,—can be counted as one of the most valuable endowments or achievements that anyone can show; and it can be proven that it would be by far better for the world if this "divine capacity" was much more universal than it now is.

That there is this heart of good in everything that happens to us, is not quite the same, however, as saying that it can always be brought to light at will. This is evident enough to the most superficial observer. Having all sorts of painful or dangerous experiences, and being able to make use of them for one's betterment, are two facts that stand in such rigid and sinister opposition that it takes knowledge and skill either to reconcile them or to avail oneself of their inherent beneficence. It certainly is not done by simply ignoring the evil: this is the lie that explains nothing and increases the evil eventually by adding deception to the primary fact. Nor is it done by sentimentally affirming that "what is to be, will be," or that "all is for the best as it is," or that "God will take care of his own," and the like. This is but saying in effect that the Creator is given to making cruel and useless blunders, of which we are but the helpless and hopeless victims. Certainly there is not much truth or real comfort in any such reflections as these when carried far enough. God is not a fool, or a heartless tyrant, or an indecent trifler with human weakness or waywardness. Nor is it a fact that there is evil only through thinking so; nor that evil is best handled by an optimism that ignores facts and deceives its victims.

What then shall we say as to this everlasting problem of evil and the conflicts and sorrows and hurts and degradations that we all suffer from, because we know not how triumphantly to deal with it. At the present moment, the whole world seems so universally but an embodiment of evil, that it takes the sanest and most intelligently ordered mind to endure the thought of it or to hope at all for anything that is better to come of it. It takes the most comprehensive survey of history, the truest interpretation of personal experience, the highest and broadest outlook possible, to enable one to get much real comfort out of things as they are or as they now promise. And yet the possibility of betterment is there, notwithstanding appearances; and so is undoubted comfort if only we look for it, and *find* it!

It is a high, intelligent, hopeful, faith that enables one to set forth to find moral order where all seems but senseless chaos, and to find comfort where so much is perversion and cruelty and reckless destruction. It is the grandest discovery of the human heart and mind, that there is always a soul of goodness in things evil, and that it is our blessed privilege to go out in search for this and to get it to the enhancement of our eternal possessions and anticipations. Not, however, by wishing for it alone, nor by praying for it only, nor by presumptuously assuming it, and certainly not by ignoring it, can this choice enlargement of the better experience be had; but by a truthful, painstaking recognition of the bald and hideous fact as it is, by standing firm and facing it in most manly or womanly fashion, by probing and delving and never letting up until the fine heart of it is revealed to our waiting eyes, and by using appropriately all that is found—only in this way can the good in evil be usually seen, and be seen truly as it is.

In this hunted for and discovered soul of good in things evil, the first and the most important fact to be noted is, that what we call evil is simply the incomplete, the imperfect human nature that everywhere abounds—the conflicts and pains and degradations necessarily incident to sentient beings. According to the old account, when God had finished His six days work of creation, He looked upon it and pronounced it good. He did not pronounce it perfect, nor has He ever done so nor has He said that He should never work further. The complete work is only to be anticipated in the far-off future when the cycle of the creative effort shall have accomplished what cannot now be even imagined. Scripture, history, science, biography all combine in continuously revealing to the open mind the incompleteness of the universe of which we are a part and in which we live and to whose destiny we are tending. Everywhere also there is evident the universal law, which records unmistakably on every scroll, *Perfected through suffering.* Not by happiness nor by work nor by atonement, but by suffering, accurately understood and properly responded to, can human nature either in individuals or in generations be advanced on its glorious way toward the completeness that we all so long for, and yet seems so far off. That it takes courage and hope and good sense and love of truth and determination and confidence in a truthful and faithful and all-knowing God, and an aspiration for all the creative and redemptive achievement possible to do this, is so evident that we shrink from acknowledging even the facts as they are; but this is no reason why we should ignore the fact of our imperfection or the "evil" that results therefrom, or that we should not boldly set out upon the search for the "soul of good," or that we should not appropriate this good to our eternal betterment and joy whenever and wherever we find it. A little wider opening of eye and receptivity of heart and sensible responsiveness here, is worth volumes of pedantic discussion of lifeless themes, or explanations that do not explain.

In every experience, no matter how painful or degrading or discouraging, there is a soul that is essentially good but not necessarily ours, simply for the asking; it is our business to search for this and find it; and then it is our business further to discover the meaning of it and let this stand for a direct message from the Creative Energy to our very own selves, in effect to be more manly, more womanly than now, and thus show forth something more than before of

the glory which shall be in its full, when He shall have made perfect the work as planned but not yet by any means accomplished. The call of human nature is, clearly to recognize its different stages of incompleteness and resolutely and intelligently to try to provide for their improvement. In this way we can become a part of the divine creative energy which has worked hitherto, and is now working, and will work everlastingly, even until the perfect day. The facts as they are thus rightly dealt with should be the basis of all our faith and all our hopes; and the right dealing with them should be the inflinching purpose of all our life.

Camden, N. Y. SMITH BAKER, M. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dr. Thomas World-Peace Prize Contest

As a little crumb on the altar toward which our hearts have so long yearned, I want to tell UNITY that the "Dr. Thomas World-Peace Prize Contest" at Alfred University, New York, took place as usual this year. The clamor and glamor of war did not sweep the contestants from their moorings, but rather perhaps urged on to better work. I quote from *Fiat Lux*, the college paper:

Mr. Maxson took the first prize of $50 in gold with a masterly oration on "World Peace: The Problem" given with a convincing delivery. He also receives an award of $25 to pay his expenses in representing Alfred at the State contest to be held in New York City, April 13. Mr. Cottrell received the second prize of $25, presenting a live side of the old question of the relation of "The Church and World Peace" with the most commanding delivery of any of the five speakers.

The other three contestants gave excellent addresses and all certainly deserve much honor for their labors of preparation and rendition. The problem of World Peace was approached from all angles and a great breadth and variety of reading, thought and opinion was shown in the contest as a whole.

The contestants, who must be Juniors and Sophomores, are judged 75 per cent on the form and content of their paper and 25 per cent on delivery, and each oration must be published in some paper or magazine. The program as given was:

Militarism and the Spirit of Brotherhood.
The Church and Peace.
Peace of the Past and Peace of the Future.
World Peace: The Problem.
The Greater Miracle.

Word has come later that the college state contest under the New York Peace Society will not take place this year—a sorry reflection on the leadership and influence of our higher educational agencies. What can we say when Princeton and Columbia and Johns Hopkins, and shall I say your own pet, Madison, join with the mob or turn a deaf ear to the pleading of Peace?

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

Fredonia, N. Y.

The recital of human suffering causes tears to be shed in Heaven. Yes, but a single tear, welling up from the depths of the infinite motherhood of God, is sufficient to wash away forever all the mountain-magnitude of human sorrows.

JAS. G. TOWNSEND.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XIV.

Francis David 1510-1571

God has reserved to himself to rule the conscience.—Stephen Bathory.

The rediscovery of Unitarianism in Transylvania is comparatively modern. Some of us remember Bishop Ferencz, whose visit to this country in 1870 brought to Unitarians in the West a knowledge of their fellow worshippers in that far-off corner of Europe, on the border of Turkey, where there is a community of people more nearly allied in their race descent to the Turk than to the European. There is in that community a fellowship of Unitarians four hundred years old, with a hundred or more churches, a college, a monthly and perhaps a weekly publication. Prof. Boros of the University of Kolozsvár visited All Souls across the street and later corresponded with our Mr. William C. Gannett, furnishing the material which, together with manuscript information from Joseph H. Allen, enabled him to give the interesting and remarkable address on Francis David, delivered in this church in 1913, and afterwards printed in UNITY, perhaps the most comprehensive study in English on Francis David to be found (also published as booklet by the Lindsey Press, London).

Mr. Gannett was also enabled to secure the importation of a picture which commemorates the winning by David of the famous Edict, granting liberty and toleration in religion, in 1568 at Torda. Mr. Gannett thus describes the picture:

The artist has idealized the scene a little; nor could he well do otherwise. For the place of the meeting he has chosen a setting that suggests the old Mother-Church, its shadows shot through by the rising sun of Reformation. No portrait, perhaps no description, of David exists. At such moment his face may well have shone, as we see it, with light from within as well as by rays from without; but at fifty-eight years of age he could hardly have been the aged and saintly ascetic to whom the painter has given the beautiful countenance. Many or all of the prominent figures are historical. On the dais at the left sits Prince Sigismund, still officially Lutheran, but already much inclined to his preacher's new doctrine. He sits between his young nephews, the Bathory brothers, of Catholic faith, who in turn are to occupy his throne after his death. That gentle-faced boy on his right is the one who will be sending our white-haired pleader to prison before very long. Behind these stands the court physician, Blandrata, his arms folded, and looking soldily satisfied. In the dim beyond him is a group of Lutheran clergy, among them the venerable Alesius, once royal chaplain. The man at the end of the table behind David is the Chancellor Csiky. The one turning the leaves of a book is Gaspard Heltai, the translator of the Bible into Hungarian, and the book, of course, is the Bible,—the white heart of the Diet; for the whole Reformation centers around the Bible, and the artist properly gives it the high light of his picture. Heltai and one of David's ministers are verifying the tests on which David is basing his argument. Standing between

the benches on the right is a Catholic priest, and by his side the Calvinist Melius,—hot enough foes to each other, but side by side as regards David; they appear in the picture only by artist's privilege to typify historic forces of the time, but neither was really present. Behind them are the Szekler and Magyar aristocracy, and, in front of the benches, the higher Estates, most of them Calvinist; but we see some of the latter, Gaspard Bekes among them,—he who would have been the Prince's Unitarian successor instead of the Catholic Bathory, had the Prince had his way,—leaping to their feet with enthusiasm as the eloquent crator pleads for the widening of liberty and toleration in religion. The moment is apparently the close and climax of the discussion. All in the picture are listening intently, every eye fastened upon David's face.

A glimpse into the story of David tells us that he was born in Kolozsvár (Klausenburg) apparently into abject poverty. His father was a shoemaker and he probably grew up at the cobbler's bench, and was over thirty years old before he could be spared from the grim battle for bread. He was a bright young man, had some tutoring from the Catholic priest and at thirty-eight means were somehow provided which permitted him to complete his college training at Wittenburg. Luther had been dead but two years. David received some instruction from Melanchthon. While ostensibly a Catholic he was welcomed by Lutheranism, the mildest form of the Reformation, to which he easily adapted himself and became a bishop in that church. But Lutheranism as a sect, not the spirit of Luther, was already picking a quarrel with Calvinism on the communion theory. The Lutherans claimed that in some mystic way there was a transformation of the elements and that if it was not *trans*substantiation, it was, as they would like to believe, a *con*substantiation. Calvin was more radical and insisted that the eucharist was simply a memorial service, a symbol of the flesh and blood. When that battle raged David took sides with the Calvinists and became a Calvinistic bishop.

By this time the Unitarian heresy had been brought to Hungary in an interesting way by the Italian Blandrata, court physician to Prince John Sigismund, a mild liberal, whose queen mother, Isabella, was more liberal than he.

Isabella was the daughter of Sigismund the Great, of Poland, who had in 1415 invited a council to meet in Constance to consider the cases of several heretics and who had pledged safety to Huss if he would attend. But the church proved stronger than the king and there followed the imprisonment, a bitter and unfair trial and the glorification by fire.

It is stated that Isabella steadily befriended the most radical leaders of the Reformation and that her counsels probably did much to form the character of the young Prince, who has frankly borne the name of Unitarian.

When David declared for Unitarianism he found the Prince ready to listen and Blandrata backing him. There was free debate in those days, carried on with much dignity, and when by his eloquence and pleading David succeeded in getting a state regulation looking towards religious toleration, it secured for the Catholic, the Lutheran, the Calvinist and the new heresy without a name, "believers in one God," the right of free thought.

In the old town of Kolozsvak there was much excitement over the decision of the court that "it was all right to be a Unitarian after the fashion of Francis David," and when he arrived home the whole town was out. Friends took him from the carriage and carried him on their shoulders. He mounted a rock and began to tell the story of the triumph, but the crowd was too great and he was taken into the neighboring church, where he could now speak as a bishop of the Unitarian movement.

Thus far the story is a triumphant one in which Unitarians may well rejoice, but the closing chapter is humiliating and should chasten and rebuke the conceit of the Unitarian and be a warning to all earnest people forevermore. There now sprang up a heresy among the Unitarians. They fell into two schools, the Adorantes and the non- or anti-Adorantes. The Adorantes held that while Jesus was not God he was a legitimate object of worship and that prayer should be offered in his name, something in the same way that the Catholics now justify prayer to the Virgin Mary, and practice it, not that she is divine, but so near the divine counsels that she has power. The non-Adorantes held that worship should be directed to Deity alone and not through the intercession of even his greatest representative on earth. Francis David took the non-Adorantes side; he would not worship the Christ, however much he revered him.

There followed the trial, the story of which is pathetic. Sigismund's successor was a Catholic and Blandrata was reacting and finally disappeared from the Unitarian ranks, probably dying in the bosom of the Mother Church, such a retrogression as we saw in the story of Robert Brown, whose defection left Congregationalism without a hero leader such as Wesley was to Methodism and Knox and Calvin to Presbyterianism. Francis David out-voted was committed to prison, where he was allowed only to receive visits from his daughter and son, and after lingering a few months he died. He was persecuted not by Catholics, Calvinists or Lutherans, but by his fellow Unitarians; having taken one step beyond the rest he paid the penalty.

Of Blandrata, Gannett says that he "got his thirty pieces of silver" and he grew very rich. He did not hang himself, but was strangled by his nephew and heir in a hurry to get his inheritance.

At his best, Blandrata is a type of the reformer who, when young, has vision, and courage to match it, but who cannot endure a radicalism that outruns his own. Add the reputation that comes with repute and position and wealth, and the peril of losing them all, and we have the failure, the coward, the truckler, the persecutor,—we have a "Blandrata."

We are told that David wrote certain lines in Latin on the walls of his dungeon. Mr. Gannett says, "Even if they be but the words that some reverent disciple wrote in his name, a few belong in such a study." They begin:

> Twice ten years I have loyally served my country,
> And to my Prince my fidelity oft hath been proven.
> Ask you my crime that the fatherland hates so?
> This alone is it: One God, not three, have I worshipped,

And the lines close:

> "Lightnings, nor cross, nor sword of the Pope, nor Death's visiblest face,
> No power whatever, can stay the progress of Truth!
> What I have felt I have written; with faithful heart I have spoken:
> After my death the dogmas of untruth shall fall!"

Mr. Gannett closes his article:

David's sepulchre no man knowth. Three years ago pilgrims from Hungary, Germany, England, America—sixty—two from America alone—gathered at little Deva, and climbed the hill to the ruined castle, to dedicate a stone and a tablet to his memory. Buda-Pesth, Kolozsvár, and Deva itself wel-

comed the pilgrims with music, processions, addresses,—Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists, all taking part. On the stone are graven these words in Hungarian:

"For his religious convictions, in this castle suffered a martyr's death the great reformer, Francis David, the founder of the Hungarian Unitarian Churches. In 1910 this token of remembrance was placed here by the Chief Consistory of the Hungarian Unitarian Churches, the inheritors of his spirit, on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth."

In his memorial address the beloved Bishop Ferencz, present successor of David, said: "To the spirit of Francis David, unfaltering and uncompromising in the search of truth, we dedicate this stone. This is the main source of our reverence for him,—his spirit of dauntless truth-seeking; this, and not any specific truth revealed by him and accepted by us. . . ."

Not his truth, but his quest; not his faith, but his spirit! There spoke the true inheritor of his spirit. We, too, are inheritors of it. And with his own countrymen, but in far greater measure than they, we have inherited the fruits of that spirit, the happy results of the principle for which he suffered and died. When comes, by and by, the right moment for the better memorial to be raised,—a chapel at Deva, a statue at Kolozsvár,—should not the Unitarians of America and those of England join hands with the church in his own land, to honor the reformer, hero and martyr, who, at Torda, in 1568, made the great plea for liberty and toleration in religion?

QUESTIONS

(1) What great religious leaders were contemporary with Francis David?
(2) Which one was his teacher?
(3) In what faith was he born?
(4) When and where was the famous edict issued?
(5) What does the world owe Francis David?

The Christian and the War

Dr. Dwight P. Breed, pastor of the Summerdale Congregational Church, Farragut Avenue and North Paulina Street, spoke on this subject April 29th instant. In part Dr. Breed said:

A man's religion is to dominate practically every part of his life. The old notion that life is divided into sections, the secular and the religious, is outgrown. In every realm of his experience the teachings of Jesus are to find application. In view of the new conditions which environ him today there are some things which the Christian must do.

He must conscienciously determine his own attitude toward war as to whether it is a Christian or unchristian means for the settlement of international differences. For most people, alas, this has been deemed an academic question, but it is so no longer for the American Christian. A "state of war" has been officially declared. An hundred years ago the Christian would have accepted this statement and the condition without question. Today, however, war is a questioned method — politically, economically, morally, Christianly. The Christian simply cannot take it as a matter of course. England's jails, to her infinite shame, hold over thirty-five hundred "conscientious objectors" to war. Peace martyrs in England! Yes, and there are likely, as things are now going, to be peace martyrs in our America before long. Our movement toward governmental militarism, emphasized by the pending espionage bill, opens wide the door through which conscientious American objectors to war as contrary to the teaching and spirit of Jesus may pass to martyrdom.

Whatever position the Christian may come to hold as to the moral or Christian quality of war, there must be the recognition of the right of others to their own opinions. There can be no excuse for the exercise of intolerance.

Again, the Christian must not allow selfishness, under the guise of devotion to democracy and to "our own, our native land," to develop passion, bitterness or hate toward any of our Father's children anywhere. We must not permit the Kingdom of God on this earth to be limited, or hindered, through our limitation of brotherhood. Our country? Yes, for the sake of the world. "We want nothing for ourselves which we do not want equally for humanity."

We must recognize our need of God. But no God can be great enough, wise enough or good enough for us who is not also now the God of the Germans, the Austrians and of the Turks. We cannot worship or find help or hope in a national God—a God who looks most approvingly upon our things and rejoices only in three colors of the spectroscope to which are given our particuar arrangement. Only the God who so loved the world and provided for the "whosoever" can meet the needs of Christian America.

In these days the Christian lover of his country must be on vigilant guard for the protection of the corner stones of our American liberty, the rights of conscience, of free speech, free press and of individual equality before the laws. There are not wanting serious indications that our effort to make democracy triumphant over the world by militaristic means, will be at the sacrifice of important elements of democracy at home.

Mark Twain on War

"There has never been a just one (war), never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war. I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances. The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for war. The pulpit will—warily and cautiously—object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say, earnestly and indignantly, 'It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it.' Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity. Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform, and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry, and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open. Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception." —*"The Mysterious Stranger."*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Percy M. Dawson, Edwin A. Rumball, Charles W. Wendte, John Faville, William M. Salter, James H. West, William C. Gannett, Albion W. Small, R. A. White, Fred V. Hawley, Frederick Starr, Charles Zueblin, Emil G. Hirsch, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL PEACE DAY.

New York—International Peace day, May 18, the birthday of the Hague tribunal, is to be celebrated even more widely than usual by peace advocates throughout the United States this year. The Emergency Peace Federation has sent out from its home office, 70 Fifth avenue, New York, 8,000 letters calling for mass meetings, school meetings and parlor meetings to discuss peace and problems arising out of our present war. "In time of war prepare for peace," was the keynote of this letter, which is signed by Lella Faye Secor, secretary of the organization.

It is urged that each of these meetings shall pass resolutions asking the United States government to state definitely the terms upon which it would be willing to make peace, as President Wilson demanded that the European belligerents do in his message of December 18.

Rebecca Shelly, field secretary of the Emergency Peace Federation, has issued the following appeal:

"For the sake of agonizing humanity which still calls to us across the barriers of nationalism, let us on this Peace Day pledge anew our allegiance to the ideal of international co-operation. Let us not despair because this ideal has not yet been realized.

"Let us rather courageously resolve to learn from the mistakes of the past. Let us ask for such concrete peace terms which do not bear in themeslves the seeds of future wars.

"Let us ask for the terms of peace: that no nation shall retain territory acquired by conquest, that no punitive indemnities shall be demanded and that the people themselves in the small and subject nations shall decide their own political and economic destiny, and their alliances with the stronger nations."

AN ORCHESTRA CONCERT.

It was Friday afternoon. As I sat in the big east window of my little bungalow and gazed out on the raw-sodden, chilly, unresponsive soil of the garden that is to do so much in the popular effort toward feeding the world this summer, I listened for the elusive footsteps of our anxiously awaited friend, Miss Spring, and wondered if there might be hope of her breaking her invariable habit of being "unusually late." There was a shadow of regret in the recollection that just about now the Thomas Orchestra would be tuning up for the last concert of the season, and in imagination I could see my favorite performer, the agile drummer, bending a critical ear, first to one and then another of his kettle drums as the soft rolling tap-tap mellowed into just the right note that would make the harmonious undertone to the volume of sound thrown out by the whole orchestra. Thus imaginary reverberation was suddenly impunged upon by a real drum-roll, clear and decided, and my eyes following the sound, I saw that a beautiful woodpecker, arrayed in his very best full dress suit of sober gray, brilliant red and effective black neck-tie, had discovered a little tin wren house perched on top of a gate post whose painted colonial front was being rapidly washed off by the steady rain, and on investigation he had evidently concluded he had a valuable addition to his working possibilities. He would tap, tap on the roof of the little tin box and then turn a pert, critical ear toward it to listen for the effect; then he would try the smooth wooden post and again the contrasting tone evidently satified him. And so for an hour he would turn from one side to the other with a clear preference for the metalic sound and a grotesque likeness to his human prototype down at Orchestra Hall that kept his small but select audience rather impolitely convulsed with laughter. Then, when my friendliest wood thrush left his pressing building operations in the hawthorne jungle and appeared to "assist" at Mr. Flicker's drum recital and poured forth his melodious assurance to the world that the spring was really and truly coming, I was quite satisfied to have missed the other orchestra concert.

A. L. K.

IN THE LILAC-RAIN

All in the lilac-rain,
Tender and sweet,
Brushing the window-pane
Sudden—and fleet!

Came the dear wraith of her
Out of lost Mays—
(Ah, but the faith of her,
True to old ways!)

Scarcely her face I knew
Dim in the wet;
Only her eyes of blue
Who could forget!
Hands full of lilac, too—
Lilac crowned, yet!

These were the flowers she loved
In the far years;
These were the showers she loved—
Light as her tears!
These were the hours she loved—
Hope chasing fears!

Veiled in the lilac-rain
Comes she—and goes. . . .
Sun through the clouds again,
Fresh the wind blows.
Mine, a swift pleasure-pain
None other knows.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

THE JEWISH SABBATH-KEEPER.

The following striking incident is related by Dr. Abraham Capadose:—

"My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday.

"As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath-day. 'Come, dear Joseph,' she exclaimed, 'the night is approaching; come, and light the Sabbath lamp.'

"But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His wife spoke again in anxiety, 'See, the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord, and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted.'

"Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, dear Rebecca,' he exclaimed, 'now I am ready.'

"He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding, 'I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother Isaac.'

"'But how did you manage to do it so soon?'

"'O,' he replied, 'Isaac had been as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the Sabbath either, without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street; he was coming to me, and I was going to him, and we ran into each other's arms and wept.'"

May we not end this anecdote with those apt words of Jesus, "Go thou and do likewise"?

—*The Christian Life.*

LITTLE SAUSAGES

SAUSAGE MEAT
(Costs Less)

HAMS, Sugar Cured
Green Hickory Smoked

BACON, Sugar Cured Green Hickory Smoked

LARD (Extra Dry) MAPLE SUGAR

THIRTIETH SEASON

JONES DAIRY FARM FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

OAKLAND
Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 1288-1289

1049 E. 43rd Street
821 E. 39th Street

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

NOTE OUR RATES
Lowest in Chicago

ONE PASSENGER

First Half Mile	$0.40
Each Half Mile Thereafter	.10
Each Hour Waiting Time	.80

EXTRA PASSENGERS

For Each Passenger Above One, For the Entire Trip, Extra	.10

Let us hear from Lincoln Centre If it Pays to Advertise

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP

743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.

Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

A NEW BOOK

Songs of the Soul

Fifty Original Hymns and Tunes
By A. IRVINE INNES

A work which deserves the attention of lovers of sacred poetry and music, more especially churches and their singers. 50 cents net.

C. W. THOMPSON & CO.
2 B Park Street - Boston, Mass.

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and **Kid Gloves**

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK